

MOTT'S "JUSTICE" THREATENS A LIFE.

Mrs. Lizzie Somers, the Magistrate's Latest Victim, in a Pitiable Condition.

SUBMITTED TO CRUELTY.

Though Weak from Hunger and Physically Ill, She Is Given an Ice Cold Bath.

NO HEED PAID TO HER PROTESTS.

Workhouse Rules Carried Out Regardless of Consequences—Woman Now Afflicted with Melancholia.

As a result of Magistrate Mott's "justice," the latest victim of his tyranny is an absolute wreck and on the verge of both mental and physical collapse.

The Journal yesterday sent a physician to Mrs. Lizzie Somers, the delicately constituted married woman whom Mott sentenced to five days in the workhouse for alleged "soliloquy."

Her present pitiable condition throws light on a series of absolutely inhuman practices in vogue at Blackwell's Island, which would be incredible in even a barbarous country.

Mrs. Somers was ill when arrested, not only from insufficient nourishment, but physically ill as well. Although she asserted this fact at the police station, no notice was taken of it whatever, and again after her arrival at the Workhouse her pitiable pleas were entirely in vain. It needed no physician to tell of her sickness, those in charge of the Workhouse, however, simply laughed at her misery.

The long hours spent in the station-house were made more horrible by constant physical suffering, and immediately after her admission into the workhouse the unfortunate victim was compelled to strip to the skin and stand beneath a cold shower bath.

Cleanness is a law in the workhouse, and whether it kills or cures does not seem to bother the minds of the officials.

Evidence of Mental Weakness.

It was difficult in the extreme to obtain any coherent statement from the poor woman. Her nerves are completely shattered and her mental condition precarious. She constantly repeats herself, forgets what she has said and even what she is talking about.

She constantly refers to the icy cold bath which "turned her to stone."

Mrs. Somers is a widow, and her husband, a well-to-do merchant, died some time ago. She is now a widow, and her husband, a well-to-do merchant, died some time ago. She is now a widow, and her husband, a well-to-do merchant, died some time ago.

CLUBMEN EASILY DUPED.

Believe They Bought Forged Stock Certificates from a Plausible Southerner.

J. B. White, who was recently a guest at the Imperial, and made quite an impression among the men about town, was arrested in Norfolk, Va., yesterday at the order of Captain O'Brien, who expects to have him back here in a few days to answer charges of forgery.

White was secretary of the Mamm Island Shooting Club, made up for the most part of Norfolk gentlemen, and he sold about \$5,000 worth of the club stock in New York, the certificates of which, it is alleged, he forged.

White had about twenty certificates of stock to dispose of in New York. These certificates were valued at \$300 apiece. The Mamm Island Shooting Club was organized for the purpose of maintaining a game reserve on one of the little islands which skirt the North Carolina coast.

The officers in Virginia knew of a number of Southerners in New York who would take an interest in the project, and sent White North for the purpose of securing them as members. Most of the certificates were sold here, and the money was sent to the proprietors of the Atlantic Hotel, at Norfolk, and Mr. Johnston, who is a Police Commissioner in that city, before the grand jury here yesterday.

Former Deputy Assistant District Attorney Henry Stoddard, and Mr. C. Robinson were among White's alleged victims in New York. Mr. Davis gave him note for one of the certificates, and this note has been taken into the hands of a third party.

POTTER AND ROCKEFELLER

Hearing in One of the Law Courts and an Extension of the Minister's Injunction.

John D. Rockefeller was the defendant in another suit brought against him in the Supreme Court yesterday by the Rev. Daniel C. Potter, of the Tabernacle Baptist Church, on Tenth street and Second avenue. Both the millionaire and the minister were in court. The suit is the latest phase of the old wrangle about the Tabernacle Church, the adjoining property and the bonds Mr. Rockefeller gave the congregation to maintain the improvements. The suit at on these bonds has not been paid of late, and Dr. Potter and Mr. Rockefeller have been quarrelling in the courts for months.

The bonds are now said to be worth less than their face value, and about \$9,000 in interest is due on them. The suit is brought to recover the unpaid interest and to have the trust changed so that it will yield \$25,000 annually. It is urged by the plaintiff that Mr. Rockefeller promised to give "good railroad bonds," and the defendant says the word "good" wasn't in the arrangement, although the bonds were perfectly good when he deposited them.

The temporary injunction granted to Mrs. John A. Rose, the lessee of the Tabernacle Baptist Church property, at No. 162 Second avenue, where the Rev. Potter was kept a prisoner in his apartments for several days, was continued by Justice Beach in the Supreme Court yesterday until next Monday, when a motion will be argued to make the injunction permanent.

Mother and Son Taken to Hospital.

Ann Plan, eighty-four years old, of No. 401 East Forty-eighth street, and her son John, a laborer, forty-five years old, were removed to the same ambulance yesterday morning. The woman is suffering from malaise, while the son is suffering from an incurable disease.

TELL OF COSTELLO'S FURY

Witnesses Describe the Husband's Killing of Purcell to Avenge His Wife.

To avenge his wife was the reason Michael Costello gave for shooting down James Purcell, who had been the best man at his wedding, and many of the witnesses examined for jurors in his trial for murder declared that they were prejudiced in his favor. The jury box was filled in the afternoon, however, and several witnesses were examined.

The work of securing a jury was in progress last Thursday when Costello's girl wife came into court and fearfully announced that her seven-months-old baby had died during the night. Assistant District-Attorney Vernon M. Davis and Deputy District-Attorney Seaman L. Miller conducted the prosecution, and Lawyer Le Barbier looked after Costello's interests.

Robert Murdock, of No. 114 King street; Mrs. Mary Phillips, Costello's mother-in-law, who lives at No. 38 Varick street, where the tragedy occurred, and Carrie Phillips, Mrs. Costello's sister, were the most important witnesses examined. They described what occurred on the night of July 22 last, after Mrs. Costello had gone into the street, found her husband and told him that Purcell had insulted her.

"I was sitting next to Purcell at a table when Costello came into the room with his wife and began to shoot," said Murdock. "I tried to get the pistol, and then I became frightened and dropped down behind a bureau. After that I ran from the room, and then I heard two more pistol shots."

On cross-examination the witness admitted that he had been at the house before that day with Purcell.

"Before we went away," he said, "Mame (Mrs. Costello) and Purcell left the room together. They were gone about half an hour, and when they came back 'Mame' was crying."

Mrs. Phillips testified that she saw her son-in-law rush into the room.

"Now, Mike, don't make any trouble,"

GRABBED A BIG ROLL AND RAN.

Nimble Thief Created Tumult in and Out of a Williamsburg Bank.

OLD TRICK, NEW RESULT.

Aged Mr. Voltz Was Making a Deposit When the Affair Began.

ROBBER WORE A VANDYKE BEARD.

Men, Boys, Dogs and a Policeman Led in the Chase and the Money Was Recovered After a Long Run.

It was "Stop thief!" with a vengeance in Williamsburg yesterday morning. A nimble fellow in stylish clothes had snatched \$300 in bills from the clutch of a depositor in the famous Broadway Bank.

The victim of the robbery was Albert Voltz, who lives at No. 125 Graham avenue. He is a retired butcher, and owns house property in the neighborhood. On Saturday his son collected monthly rents from some of the tenants, and it was this money which the old man took to the bank for deposit at about 10 o'clock.

When his turn came at the receiving tel-

BRITTON'S WIVES BOTH LOVED HIM.

They All Lived Together Happily at One Time.

NEITHER WILL PROSECUTE.

One Had Daily Bread, and the Other Pie and Cakes.

NO 'S STRANGE COMPLAISANCE.

She Thought They Could Both Love the Same Man, and Mourned Over the Death of the Child by the Second Wife.

When Wilfred Britton is arraigned before Recorder Connelly, in Bayonne, N. J., this morning, to answer charges of obtaining goods under false pretences and bigamy, one of the two women who call him husband will be on hand to plead for his release. The other, who is now hiding in New York, it is said, will be present to support this plea. Both women love Britton and are loath to see him punished.

Wife No. 1, who appears to have received but scant favor at his hands since the advent of No. 2, says she cannot live without him.

Britton, who is twenty-six years old, for a year, although not regularly employed, managed to support two establishments. Wife No. 1 got the daily bread, wife No. 2 the pie and cake.

A Sad Woman with Three Children.

Mrs. Britton No. 1 is Margaret Lee, of Newport, R. I. She is a sad-eyed little woman, about twenty-four years old. She married Britton eight years ago, January 13, 1889, and has borne him five children. Two died. With the other three she occupies three poorly furnished rooms on the second floor of the double frame flat, No. 736 Ocean avenue, Jersey City. The eldest child is about five years old, the youngest a five-months-old baby.

It was while visiting her that Britton was arrested by Detective Griffin, of Bayonne, and Captain Nugent, of the Fifth Precinct Police, Jersey City. That was on Friday night last, and since then she has visited him every day in his cell in the Bayonne Police Headquarters.

Wife No. 2 would have undoubtedly done the same thing, but she heard that she was to be arrested, and fled to New York.

Mrs. Britton No. 1, with her baby in her

CHOSE THE LONG AND CROOKED PATH.

Annie Stichternath Threaded the Alluring Byways of New York.

WENT FOR A CAN OF MILK.

Then She Extended Her Errand Into a Search for the Beautiful.

HER FATHER SORELY GRIEVED.

Tired of Her Gay Companions and Surfeited with Pleasures, She Returns a Penitent Girl.

Annie Stichternath went out of her father's apartments on the third floor of an old building, at No. 401 East Fifteenth street, Saturday morning, to buy 8 cents' worth of milk.

The milk store is across the street, but

lage of the Hartz Mountains, went out for milk, one morning. He thought of the time that it took of him, and for he never returned, and a tear came to his eyes, but he said nothing.

Annie started. She had eight cents and a can in one hand, with her left hand she lifted her plaid gown. The milkman lives across the street; it does not take long to go there. What road did she take?

Annie does not remember, but she found herself in the afternoon in an apartment where the wall paper was gilt, the carpet made of wool and the furniture polished. She listened to young men who impressed her as if they were made of whipped cream or marmalade, they were so light, soft and sweet. "Oh," said Annie, "I'm no better than a milk can."

At what time Sunday?

In Full Swing. At 5 o'clock she was too tired of riding to walk. At 7 she was dancing to a mandolin played by a red-headed dandy. She went to a ball, she drank soda, she ate candy, she swallowed money. She enjoyed herself; she enjoyed herself mortally. Oh, what an attack of the blues she had! "Where did you sleep, Sunday?" asked her father. "I didn't sleep, papa," she replied.

Annie thought yesterday morning that there was nobody with whom she could live, or even talk. Her heart was full, but there was nobody to trust in. "What a life," she said, "I have myself!"

"But the society," said May, "will take you if you return to your father's house."

Annie sighed, smiled and said, "Well, I'll take the milk to papa anyhow!"

"Papa, when I'll want eight cents' worth of milk again, I want you for it. I'll send my brother."

For an instant, met there a reporter who accompanied her to her father's apartment and, at the end of her story said:

"Papa, when I'll want eight cents' worth of milk again, I want you for it. I'll send my brother."

LAW CRAZY AS LUNATICS.

Dr. Spitzka, Declares the Present Insanity Statutes in This State to Be Absurd.

The present laws of this State regarding the commitment of insane persons were severely scored at the annual meeting of the Society of Medical Jurisprudence last night. Aside from the address of the president the chief paper was read by Dr. E. C. Spitzka, who opened the discussion of the present law and its effects upon medical men.

Dr. Spitzka was of the opinion that under the present laws of this State a physician, when called upon to examine a patient, was hampered far too much, and that the law should be repealed as soon as possible.

The new law is an outrage," said the doctor. "The medical fraternity know nothing of it until it was enacted. Since it went into effect on July 1 it has made a lawyer much harder than was necessary and much harder than it had been hitherto."

"The first case I had after the law was operative is an example. The patient was a wealthy man who was not only violent and destructive, but had already done much damage to his own property and had acted in such a manner as to have had columns in the papers devoted to his doings."

"It was after some of his most dangerous escapades that I was called in to examine him. I found him in a state of mind which was not only violent and destructive, but had already done much damage to his own property and had acted in such a manner as to have had columns in the papers devoted to his doings."

"I have done everything I could to comply with the law and at the same time to give the patient the best of care. I have consulted with some of his family, and with the other doctor took the demented man to the institution. We reached the place at night during a severe thunder storm, and the patient was sick with cholera morbus, and the physician who accompanied me, but who had never seen the patient, was unable to receive the patient, and said that they did not dare do so under the new law."

"That experience was enough for me. We had to bring the crazy man back to this city and find another place for him. All patients for whom I have been asked to find asylum since then I have sent to New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut or Massachusetts."

"The law is as crazy as the persons in whose behalf it was supposed to have been passed. It ought to be repealed."

These Elks Are Hustlers.

President Byrne, of the Brooklyn Baseball Club, has again offered the use of his club grounds to the New York and Brooklyn Elks for a series of games next season. The New York Lodge team are contemplating an extended trip next summer, when they will look back with many of the Elks lodge in this State and Pennsylvania. John Ward and Sam Crane are on the programme.

The entertainment and reception to be given by the New York Lodge of Elks, at Central Park, on Sunday, will be a grand affair. It is for the charitable fund of the organization.

HEARD GOD'S WORD AND THEN DIED.

Aged Printer Had Just Told of an Inheritance When Death Called.

SAID HE WANTED TO PRAY.

Had Not Been in a House of Worship Until Yesterday for Many Years.

EXPERIENCE DELIGHTED HIM.

Went to Sleep in the Typographical Union Room and Was Found Lifeless by Shocked Companions.

Theodore Stelbeck, a printer, fifty-five years of age, received not long ago a small inheritance from his home in Sweden. Yesterday at noon he visited the old John Street Presbyterian Church and joined in the services for a few moments. It was the first time he had been in the House of God for many years.

Strangely enough this same Theodore Stelbeck was found dead at about 4 o'clock the same afternoon stretched on the coal bin at the end of the reading room of Typographical Union No. 6, on the corner of Duane and William street.

Among his friends it was known that Theodore Stelbeck expected to receive a small inheritance from home, and when a week or two ago it came to him it found a warm welcome, as the aged compositor was beginning to feel the weight of years and the pressure of the hand of Time. His whole life having been frugal and quiet, the arrival of the heritage did not make any material change, except to brighten him up.

He met some friends on Park row yesterday afternoon about 1:30 o'clock, and several of them complimented him on his healthy appearance. And he looked it.

"Yes," said he, "I am feeling better than I have been for some time. And, more than that, I have found a little consolation to-day through a visit to church. It was the first time in many years, boys—the first time in many years. When I entered I stood up near the back seats and the usher invited me to sit down. Then he offered me a meal ticket, but I was not in search of charity, and I told him so. I wanted to hear the notes of the organ and the voice of the minister. I wanted to see the congregation praying, and I did. More than that, boys, I prayed with them. When I thought I had done my duty to my faith and myself I departed, feeling better, I confess."

Then the berry of typesetters moved down Park row and stopped two or three times along the way. Finally the old printer left his friends and went to the union rooms, where he took a seat near the stove.

He had been there an hour or so when John Laycock, a typesetter on one of the morning papers, noticed him lying across the coal bin apparently asleep. He walked over to Stelbeck's side and placed his hand on the old man's forehead. It was cold as stone. Further examination alarmed Laycock, and he called Ben Leverson, another printer, to look at Stelbeck. A pair was sent in to the Hudson Street Hospital and the ambulance arrived in a few minutes.

The surgeon verified the suspicion that the printer was dead, and before a call for the Morgue wagon was answered the news spread over Park row, and the story of Stelbeck's visit to the little church was on every printer's tongue. It was hard for those who saw the remains to believe that the spark had gone out, as the dead man's face was as calm and peaceful as though he was sleeping.

Perhaps it was the last note of the organ, or the Lord's Prayer he had heard but a few hours before, that lingered with him.

The remains were taken to the office of Undertaker John J. Ryan, of No. 79 East Broadway, who was a friend of the deceased and had known him for years.

Stelbeck was the past year or two had been living at the Globe Hotel, No. 190 Park row. His possessions were few, but an examination found them to be in good order. Among his little belongings, a pair of print of the late George W. Childs, founder of the Printers' House.

It is said that deceased has a son living in this city who is reasonably well off, but nothing could be found of him last night. Among his acquaintances he is spoken of as a steady, sober, industrious man, who had stood by the union through thick and thin.

HUSBAND IN THE HOUSE.

Lawyer Hummel Intimates That Mr. Ash Was Secluded in Mr. Campbell's Residence.

Mrs. Estelle Leonora Salomon, daughter of William Campbell, the late wealthy wall paper manufacturer, began the contest of her father's will before Surrogate Fitzgerald yesterday. It was intimated that the contestant would try to prove that while Mr. Ash was living in Mr. Campbell's house, at No. 340 West Fifty-eighth street, she harbored her husband there.

Testimony was also given showing that Mr. Campbell did not believe Mrs. Salomon was his daughter.

Lawyer Irvin A. Spink, of No. 28 Park row, who drew the will, testified that he thought Mr. Campbell was sound of mind when he signed the document. Mrs. Ash was not present when Campbell gave instructions about his will.

"Mr. Campbell," said the witness, "went on. He wanted to get married. To whom?" I asked. "Mrs. Ash," he replied. I asked Mrs. Ash if she had a right to get married, and she replied she had a husband living, but had not seen him for many years."

Mr. Hummel asked him about Mrs. Ash's conduct in Mr. Campbell's house.

"Her conduct was wifely," replied the lawyer.

"Now, your opinion be the same," continued Mr. Hummel. "If you knew that during the time she was living with Campbell she was seeing her husband daily and secretly, and that she was also receiving the attention of other men?"

Mr. Choate interposed an objection, and the Surrogate ruled that the allegations would have to be proven before the question could be allowed.

Lawyer Spink said Campbell's original intention was to leave his daughter only \$15,000.

KRAMER APPOINTED JUSTICE.

Mayor Wurstler Selected Him to Fill the Late Judge Harriman's Term.

William Kramer, one of Mayor Wurstler's lieutenants, was appointed Police Justice to fill the unexpired term of the late Daniel G. Harriman. The term will end May 1. Mr. Kramer's selection was brought about by a combination between the Mayor and City Auditor, as against Controller Palmer, who it is said wanted to appoint Jacob Worth's son, Louis.

Mr. Kramer is a Republican, a lawyer and an anti-Worth man.

All who are exposed to the weather should keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup handy.

